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Poetical.

The Language of the Heart.

BY C. L. LOCHMAN.

There is a language which hath ne'er found tongue
Its strange, deep passion meaning to express,
In youth 'tis strongest—in life's morning song,
When bright hopes cheer, and all is happiness.
We hear its mandate with a heaving sigh,
While yielding half and seeking half, to fly.

Its power binds stronger than the tyrant's chain,
Or teaches freedom more than freeman's boast;
Its tones may fill the soul with deepest pain.
Or waft it to Arcadia's charming coast;
Such lofty eloquence, what tongue can tell!
When round our soul it weaves its magic spell.

It lures the soldier to the field of strife,
Enduring honor there in blood to earn;
Unmindful of his home, his friends, his life,
Or tears of woe that in deep anguish burn—
He spurns that peace which home and virtue claim,
And cares for naught but trumpet sounds of fame.

It cheers the student o'er his classic tome
With poet-boys and wild ambition's tale;
It gives the traveller sweetest thoughts of home,
When in his dreams he sees his native vale;
With joys as fresh as in his boyhood day,
Ere yet ambition sought his feet to stray.

Each tone is music to the enamored youth
When love 's bright sun first dawns upon his sight;
And in his maiden's heart of hope and truth
'Tis angels' whispering of serene delight,
That comes with fragrance like a summer breeze,
All fraught with nature's harmonies.

It is that language full of fairy vision,
The poet feels, when thoughts of bliss sublime
Transport his soul from earth to scenes elysian,
Which scorn the muses of [illegible] rhyme;
In vain he tries his loftiest strain to sing—
Weak are his words, and weak his music's wing.

And in the evening twilight of age,
When life's strong passion-storms have passed away,
When vain our dearest source of joy appears,
And vain each pleasure in this world of clay,
'Tis weaker then, but to its notes are given
A charm and sweetness more akin to heaven.

Have you not heard it in the hour of bliss?
Have you not felt it in the hour of pain?
Or marked its sweet trembling in love's pure kiss,
Or wept at its sorrowing, joyless strain?
In vain the tongue essays its magic art,
The strange, deep language of the human heart.

Miscellaneous.

The Capital of Japan.

What shall I say of this greatest and most singular of all cities? A volume is needed to describe it, without attempting to give its history. I have read of old Nineveh and Babylon below the ground, and seen and handled the works of art which have been disinterred and created so much admiration on both sides of the Atlantic; but one living Jeddo, above the ground, is worth a hundred old fogy cities below it. I cannot give you an idea of it, it is so unique, so unlike everything except itself, and so impossible, as you will think. I have seen several places of interest, and maintained a cool head, but I was bewildered and confounded when I saw this. It is situated on the western shore of this charming gulf, twenty miles wide by twenty-four long. It stretches for twenty miles and more along a beach of a semi-circular form, with its horns turned outwards, and along which a street extends, crowded with blocks of stores and houses, and teeming with moving crowds, while shopkeepers, artisans, women and children seem equally numerous within doors and at the doors. Indeed, a dozen or fifteen miles might be added to the length of the city in this direction, since there is nothing but an unbroken succession of towns and villages for this distance, which are as populous and well built as the city itself. In crossing the city from the shore to the western outskirts, I have walked two miles and a half, and then proceeded on horseback for ten miles more, making twelve and a half in the whole, while in other places it may be wider still. According to the lowest estimate, the city covers an area equal to seven of the New England farming towns, which were usually six miles square. And all is traversed by streets, usually wide, well-constructed, perfectly neat, and crossing each other at right angles—streets lined with houses and stores as compactly as they can be built, and crowded with moving or stationary masses as thick as in our Washington streets, or New York Broadway, at least for considerable distances. The population is estimated generally at three millions, which Mr. Harris, our Minister, thinks is exaggeration. For my part, judging from what I have seen when I have gone into the heart of the city, and crossed the city from side to side, I should be willing to add as many millions more; for the living, moving masses, seen from sunrise to sunset, and everywhere the same, fairly seemed beyond computation. One city as large as seven fine towns in Berkshire county and containing a population three times as large as that of the whole state of Massachusetts! That is enough to think of for a moment—[*Japan Correspondence of the Boston Traveler.*

RATHER TOO NEAR.—"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know that he had any."

"Did he live near you?"

"So near that he has spent only five shillings for firewood in eight years!"

☞Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going the rounds of his circuit, a facetious lawyer named Crowle was asked if "the judge was not just behind." "I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am sure he was never *just* before."

☞Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

Fidelity Rewarded.

Agnes Bertrand sat alone in her gorgeously furnished chamber, the victim of varied and overwhelming emotions. An hour before she had been the centre of a gay group in the brilliant parlors below, the scintillations of her wit and the flashing of her wondrous eyes challenging such admiration as many a fair friend coveted, but a chance word from one of that group had sent her, under the plea of sudden indisposition, to her own apartment with strange, bewildering thoughts, filling the measure of the evening's enjoyment.

Shutting the door and securing it that no careless footstep might intrude upon her solitude, she had, in the first flutter of her sweet surprise, thrown herself upon her luxurious couch, and pressing her burning face upon the yielding cushion stole a deeper hue, and lent it back to the rounded arm encircling them in a vehement embrace. Then she arose and removed her jewe'ed ornaments, exchanged her gossamer evening dress for a snowy *robe de chambre*, drew an inviting *fauteuil* in front of the mirror, and sat down to contemplate the image reflected therein. It was a beautiful picture that met her gaze, and yet the proud lip of Agnes Bertrand softened before it, and the darkeyes forgot their flashing in the mist that gathered over them. It *had* been more beautiful still, and this conviction, forcing itself so unceremoniously upon her, impelled also the unconscious utterance of those two words, which every woman so slowly and unwillingly admits to the vocabulary of personal fidelity, "How changed!"

Yes, she was changed, and never had she so realized the truth as now. The face of twenty-eight was no longer the face of eighteen—something had been added and something had been taken away. But to define the gradual loss of such rare personal attractions was a difficult task, even for their possessor. The eyes had lost none of their magnetic power—now large and liquid and melting in their tenderness, now brilliant as corruscation from a diamond, now searching or sympathetic as emotion demanded, the raven tresses which her fingers idly unbound were glossy and abundant still. The lip had lost none of its vermillion, the complexion none of its dazzling whiteness, and yet a change was plainly and painfully visible.—It was the lack of that attractive freshness, that indescribable *something* which youth always possesses, and for which no charms of maturity can ever fully compensate.

She turned her head this way and that, pushed the wavy tresses back from her ample forehead, as *he* had done upon that last night when—but we must not anticipate—wound them about her fingers and loosened their bright rings on her neck, and trailed them out upon her snowy shoulders. Then she took from a perfumed casket, a rose which had once been white—withered and yellow now—with a tiny bud and a trifoliate stem, and wound it with a shining curl as *he* had done that very night—then the smile came back to the red lip, the light to the dark eye, the bloom to the white cheek came and lingered until another thought and a sadder forced them aside, and they faded out again, the bloom and the light and the ravishing smile. Then the proud head drooped upon the arms of the *fauteuil*, the bosom swelled with tumultuous recollections, and the blinding tears came gushingly and long.

No one ever saw Agnes Bertrand weep thus, and yet tears were no strangers to her eyes. The world saw in her a brave, gifted soul, that lived upon its own strength and helped to sustain others, a champion of the needy, a ready helper in all womanly enterprises, a queen of festivities, a faithful friend and an invaluable companion. But *she* knew what depths there were in the heart still numb, what yearnings unsatisfied, what purposes unaccomplished; she knew, moreover, what alone could answer those irrepressible longings, and, with woman's fidelity to the one memory treasured in her soul, she went on her way unaided and unyielding, turning a deaf ear to the ardent solicitations of her countless admirers, and furnishing no key to the mystery of her steadfast determination.

And now that memory had been ruthlessly revived—*he* was coming back, and these gushing tears were for *him*, for the sad regret which must follow the discovery of her lost youth.

Ten years of separation! How much had they carried with them! Of wasted love, of weary watching, of idle hope, how much, how much!

The long night wore on, the storm spent itself, and once more the brave soul of Agnes Bertrand asserted its superiority over time and external circumstance, and stood forth in its own atmosphere of unfading beauty. If she had lost much, what had she not gained in that long interval of years?—What treasures of thought and love, with which she would not part to buy back even youth? If she had once been worthy—was she not worthier now? Her heart answered—that heart, which, in all its contact with the baleful influences of society, was a true heart still; and, lifting her glance again to the mirror, the pale face there smiled upon her such encouragement and trust that she wisely resolved never again to mourn the youth which could not be restored, but make the autumn of her coming years rich in the harvest which the spring-time had so abundantly promised. Already had she realized the fondest ambition of her friends; her name had become a household word wherever she was known, and fame was rapidly tracing her gift upon its imperishable scroll.

Under the soothing influence of this brave resolve and the sweet sensation of newly awakened hopes, let us leave the courted favorite to her dreams, while we glance at her fair surroundings.

Agnes and Alice Bertrand, left orphans at an early age, became the occupants of the heart and home of their guardian, their father's brother, who, as far as possible, supplied the loss of parents, and lavished upon them every indulgence which money and affection could suggest. Alice was two years the old est, and was already an established favorite in society when her sister, at the age of eighteen, was introduced to the world as a recipient of its homage. It was on her presentation night that she first met Ralph Howard, and that night she learn d the mystery which through all her girlish years she had been vainly trying to solve, that all true life is love, and that all the love which could bless *her* life lay in the soul of him whose earnest eyes looked so entrancingly into her own. And from the moment that enraptured gaze was returned, R lph Howard knew that upon *his* destiny had risen a star whose brightness eternity could not extinguish.

He was an only son of an aristocratic but decayed family of English descent, the possessor of the most refined moral and social attributes, mental abilities which promised eminence, and these, combined with distinguished personal attractions, gave him an exalted position in the most exclusive circles. But his collegiate course and a year's travel in Europe had exhausted the remnant of his patrimony, and at twenty-three he found himself launched upon the tide of busy life with no helm but his own energy to guide him through its breakers. But to youth and health that is all sufficient, and Ralph Howard was not one to sit down idly and sigh over exhausted fortunes. To resolve was to act, whatever consequences the act might involve. California was beginning to develop its untold treasures, and to this land of promise he determined to direct his steps. One wish, one hope, and one reward in the far off distant ever impelling him onward.

Agnes Bertrand had stolen apart from a merry group, and was plucking roses in the garden, when Ralph joined her, upon the evening before his departure. He well knew that she would be there, and to avoid observation, entered the garden by a little gate in the hedge equally concealed from the piazza and the street.

"Miss Bertrand, Agnes!"

With a joyous bound, and a smile, born of the heart's unchecked gladness, she was at his side, and in an instant more her white hand was resting quietly in his own.

"Agnes, I am come to say good-by"—the rich voice trembled—"a word never freighted with such agony as now."

"So soon? I thought it would not be for some days yet."

"So soon. At this hour to morrow I shall be far on my lonely way, lighted only by the stars of memory and hope. Agnes, I need not tell you how delightful have been these few months of unrestricted intercourse; I need not tell you that every pulse of my heart is a silent, sacred offering to you.—You have divined it already, and now let me prove my heart's devotion by dedicating the best years of my life to wearisome, wearing toil. Fortune has denied me entrance to her fairy haunts, except through the rough avenue of labor. I am poor, and I can wed no woman to poverty, least of all Agnes Bertrand! When I have accumulated wealth I shall return—not before—and if I find you unchanged, it will be the proudest hour of my life to lay it at your feet and crave your disposal. By all that unites kindred souls, you are mine, Agnes; but I shall bind you by no vow. I shall impose no restraint upon your future actions. Follow the dictates of your pure heart and I shall be content. If I find you unwedded, my reward will be greater than all the hardships the interval can inflict—if another shall have claimed you, my consolation will be found in having labored and lived for you—farewell!"

"Ralph!"

But Ralph was beyond recall, and for many a long year to come that pleading voice might cry in vain. She could not bring him back, and, in the blushing confession of her love, intimated that *her* wealth would suffice for both; she could not assure him that, without the accessories of houses and lands and gold, she could be happy, happy anywhere with him. He was gone, and only the wild anguish in her heart, the burning kiss upon her forehead, and the white rose, gemmed with tears and twined amid her tresses, told her that those hurried moments were not a fearful flitting dream.

Ten years—in which she had received no word of love, no token of remembrance—had glided like veiled nuns into the mysterious cloisters of the past, and Ralph Howard was returning to his native country, laden with wealth and honors. But they would not meet where they had parted—Alice Bertrand had married and removed to one of the Western cities, accompanied by her sister, who shared equally the refinements and elegances of her luxurious home, for which benefit the unlimited confidence and love of Agnes were the grateful return. Never did sisters answer so truly and beautifully the poetic symbol of "two cherries upon one stem, two souls with but one breath," as did these lovely representatives of the ancient and revered house of Bertrand. The faithful uncle who had watched over their infancy and youth with parental fondness, had joined "the congregation of the silent city," and now Agnes alone bore the name of her illustrious sire, and even she began to be more readily recognized under the graceful *nomme de plume* which introduced her to the world as an aspirant for literary laurels.

At an early hour the next morning, Agnes was summoned to the parlor to report upon the condition of her health to him who had so inadvertantly occasioned her indisposition and withdrawal the evening before.

"I am glad you are recovered," he said, upon rising to take his leave, "for I have just received a letter from my friend, Ralph Howard, who will reach here to-day, on his way to his native city, toward which, if I mistake not from the tenor of his communication, some powerful magnet is attracting him. But you are ill again, Miss Bertrand—sit down in this easy chair—you are trembling violently—let me ring for your sister!"

"No, no, I shall be better soon—a sudden faintness—there, I'm quite recovered—you were speaking of your friend, you—"

"Howard—oh, yes—he's a singular genius, this Ralph; never admits any one to his confidence, not even myself, and I have known him for years; but I *have* heard that some years ago he became attached to a very lovely girl, somewhere in New England—in fact, his native city, Boston, if I mistake not—but that his fortune being unequal to her's, he would neither sue her hand nor seek to bind her by any promise till he had acquired the means to maintain her in the position to which her beauty, wealth and acquirements exalted her. Noble generosity, certainly, and worthy of the man; but he does not need wealth to recommend him—the fairest lady in the land might be proud of such distinction as his love can give, setting aside all the accessories of fortune. To this end he has bent all his energies, as I am more and more convinced, when I recall a certain sentence in his letter; and so great is his desire to reach home that he is even reluctant to bestow a few hours upon his friends here.—And I am half inclined to believe that it is only out of a desire to see my fair companion here that he consents to stop at all, for he says, at the close of his missive: "The gifted authoress, about whom you are so enthusiastic in your admiration, is not unknown to me, (though her real name I have sought in vain to discover,) and I am indebted to her for many hours of refreshing, delightful companionship. Through the flashing of her wit as through the graceful touches of her sadder moments, I have traced pictures of living beauty—pictures that have been sunshine and dew to my aching, yearning heart, and, before I hasten to one who, I am sure, would prove herself a kindred spirit if the twain could meet, I must render the tribute of my gratitude and respect."

"As you have never met, I trust you will have no objection to be introduced by your popular *nomme de plume*, the only name he has learned to call you?"

"Certainly, if it will afford you any gratification."

"Thank you. Happy to see you so fully recovered; your eyes wear their own brilliancy again—don't fail to reserve yourself for a new pleasure this evening."

With these words the visitor took his departure, and Agnes was alone with the great gladness of her overflowing heart. How unconsciously had her visitor reiterated the assurance of her own soul, that, through all that painful separation, Ralph Howard had been faithful to his early choice. In a transport of wild delight she flew to her sister with the blessed tidings, and in the tearful bliss which that sister imprinted upon her glowing cheek, received such sympathy as only they have felt whose patient loving has ended in perfect bliss.

Evening came, and they who looked upon Agnes Bertrand as she glided in and took a seat where the mellow light fell like a new glory upon her beautiful head, never felt so fully the spell of her wondrous loveliness and grace. There was a gentleness about her, a subdued vivacity, strikingly at variance with her usual sparkling animation. It came not from the utter absence of glistening ornament, from the spotless purity of her fleecy robe, falling like a snow-wreath around her, from that single white rose lurking in the masses of her dark hair—it came from a spirit that rarely turned its inmost beauty to the world's gaze, a spirit strengthened and ennobled by suffering, and brightened by rewarded endurance.

There was a stir, a rustle in the ante room, an approach of foot-steps, and, without looking up, Agnes was conscious of an added presence.

"Miss ——, allow me the happiness of presenting my friend, Ralph Howard."

She had nerved herself to meet his gaze, but she had not prepared herself to meet that perfected and glorious manhood. How regally he stood before her, with that look of wonder merging into the light of recognition, and flooding eye and lip and brow.—Then the strong arms were lifted, and the unforgotten music of other years swelled forth in the loving cadence—

"Agnes, Agnes!"

For a moment only her slender figure was pressed to his manly heart, then with one hand he pushed the tresses back from her gleaming forehead, in the old way, and said:

"Agnes Bertrand still?"

"The same Agnes Bertrand."

"Thank God!"

There was but one interpretation to those who witnessed this unusual scene, and they, with delicate consideration, gradually increased the space around them till the room was deserted by all save the two whose fidelity had been so touchingly revealed.—*Now* they understood why Agnes Bertrand had remained unwon—*now* they knew the influences by which the garden of her thoughts was kept redolent of living blooms, and they who had turned the saddest from the prayers she could not bless, were the readiest now to echo that fervent "Thank God!" in submissive gratitude that all the years of her patient love had not been in vain.

Great Men who Rose from the Ranks.

From the barber shop rose Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny, and the founder of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain; Lord Tenterden, one of the most distinguished of English Lord Chief Justices; and Turner, the very greatest among landscape painters. No one knows to a certainty what Shakspeare was; but it is unquestionable that he sprang from a very humble rank. The common class of day laborers has given us Brimley, the engineer; Cook, the navigator; and Burns, the poet. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben. Johnson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket; Edwards and Telford, the engineers; Hugh Miller, the geologist; and Allen Cunningham, the writer and sculptor; whilst among distinguished carpenters we find the names of Inigo Jones, the architect; Harrison, the chronometer maker; John Hunter, the physiologist; Romney and Obie, painters; Professor Lee, the orientalist; and John Gibson, the sculptor. From the weaver class have sprung Simpson, the mathematician; Bacon, the sculptor; the two Milners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Wilson, the ornithologist; Dr. Livingstone, the missionary traveler; and Tannehill, the poet. Shoemakers have given us Sturgeon, the electrician, Samuel Drew, the essayist; Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly Review; Bloomfield the poet; and William Carey, the missionary; whilst Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoe lasts. Within the last year, a profound naturalist has been discovered in the person of a shoemaker, at Bauff, named Thos. Edwards, who, while maintaining himself by his trade, has devoted his leisure to the study of natural science in all its branches, his researches in connection with the smaller crustacæ having been rewarded by the discovery of a new species to which the name of Pranza Edcardsii has been given by naturalists.

Nor have the tailors been altogether undistinguished; Jackson, the painter having worked at that trade until he reached manhood. But what is, perhaps, more remarkable one of the most gallant of British seamen, Admiral Hobson, who broke the boom at Aigo in 1703, originally belonged to this calling. He was working as a tailor's apprentice near Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, when the news flew through the village that a squadron of men-of-war were sailing off the island. He sprang from the shop-board and ran down with his comrades to the beach to gaze on the glorious sight. The tailor boy suddenly inflamed with the ambition to be sailor, and springing into a boat, he rowed off to the squadron, gained the Admiral's ship and was accepted as a volunteer. Years after he returned to his native village, full of honors, and dined off bacon and eggs, in the cottage where he had worked as a tailor's apprentice. Cardinal Wolsey, DeFoe, Akenside, and Kirke White, were sons of butchers; Bunyan was a tinker, and Joseph Lancaster a basket-maker.—Among the great names identified with the invention of the steam engine are those of Newcomer, Watt and Stevenson; the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine fireman. Dr. Hutton, the geologist, and Bewick, the father of wood engraving, were coal miners. Dobsley was footman, and Holcroft a groom. Buffin the navigator, was a common seaman, and Sir Cloudesly Shove, cabin boy. Herschel played the obode in a military band. Chantrey a journeyman carver, Etty a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern-keeper.

Michael Faraday, the son of a poor blacksmith, was in early life apprentice to a bookbinder, and worked at that trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and abstruse points in natural science. Not long ago Sir Roderick Murchison discovered, at Thurso, in the far North of Scotland, a profound geologist, in the person of a baker there, named Robert Dick. When Sir Roderick called upon him at the bake house, in which he baked and earned his bread, Dick delineated to him, by means of flour upon a board, the geographical features and geological phenomena of his native country, pointing out the imperfections in the existing maps, which he had ascertained by travelling over the country in his leisure hours. On further inquiry, Sir Roderick ascertained that the humble individual before him was not only a capital baker and geologist but a first rate botanist, "I found," said the Director General of the Geographical Society, "to my great humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science, ay, ten times more, than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty specimens of flowers which he had not collected. Some he had obtained as presents, some he had purchased; but the greater portion had been accumulated by his industry, in his native county of Caithness, and the specimens were all arranged in the most beautiful order, with their scientific names affixed."—*Self Help. By Samuel Smiles.*

☞A modern wit characterizes the potato rot as an affection of the "kidneys."

One Hundred Years Ago.

There is nothing that so powerfully impresses the mind with the energy of the American people, as to look at the state of this Continent a hundred years ago, and compare it with the present state of things. In regard to the Territory now occupied by these United States, one hundred years ago was just the crisis of its fate. Whether this North American Continent should be English or French, was then settled, and not till then. True, England possessed the seaboard, but the French had the Canadas, the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, undisturbed, until 1759. Then it was that Quebec was captured by the gallant Wolfe, and Ticonderoga by the English army sent for that purpose. But it was not till 1760 that the King of France gave up the hope of regaining it, or that Montreal surrendered to Gen. Amherst. Up to this period it seemed as if the French had every prospect of having the Continent ultimately. The Indians were in their pay, and our colonies were entirely surrounded. Could any one then have predicted that in a century a population of about thirty millions, as large almost as that of England and France put together, then would occupy the territory and extend across the Continent, the center of population being far away in what were the forests of the red man, how impossible would it have seemed that France should so entirely have lost the formative power of the institutions of this Continent. Had France held Quebec and driven back the assault of Wolfe, or recovered her fortress the next year, how singularly different had been the fate of this Continent. It was the effort against the French that first really united the whole American people into one nation. But for that war, they probably never would have united against anything. At that time the question was not as to the political influence of Great Britain on this Continent, or even of Spain, but the absolute supremacy of France. Superior *strength on the ground*, decided this against France in spite of a superior enterprise and skill in forming Indian alliances and geographical investigations. The taking of Louisbourg, the fall of Quebec, and the capture of Ticonderoga, ended in the blind cession of the whole of Canada. Just ten years from the date of that cession, a similar confederation of the colonies was again called into existence to resist Great Britain. The idea of William Penn, 60 or 70 years before, had given birth to the whole of these confederating movements.

At the end of a century we see the fruits of it all. The French dominion has utterly passed away from this Continent, but the Territory for which they were contending, especially the valley of Mississippi, is becoming the garden of the world, and all that America is now, all that she ever will become, were bound up in two or three conflicts, at the time not generally regarded as important or decisive, a hundred years ago. What are the conflicts now raging in the world, and on this Continent, that will produce such effects a hundred years hence?—Most that now seems most momentous will have become utterly insignificant, but some few things now looked at as merely temporary, will have wrought themselves out into consequences of the greatest magnitude.—Probably the spread of American institutions and of American laws over the whole Continent, including especially Mexico and Central America, will be one great and inevitable result of the next century. The exploration and settlement of Africa will be another great result, in all probability. Its healthy and fertile interior is just now being explored as the Mississippi was a century since. Its cotton lands will some day be coming into market, and the colony of Liberia will become the centre of African States, perhaps more populous and nearly as prosperous as our own States are at present. The Colonization Society may be thus laying the foundation of a work as important as any in history.

The separation of India from England will almost certainly be the work of the next hundred years. How far the Suez Canal may effect this, none can guess, but in all probability, the mismanagement of a distant government will, of necessity, transfer the real dominion of that vast Empire, to some local Anglo Saxon government in India.—The English language will, in all these changes however, carry itself and its living thought and power to a dominion yet unthought of.

Eloquent.

A Missouri legislator, who was opposed to a project for a new county, "came down" upon the locality after the following fashion: "The soil is so poor that it would not grow pennyroyal. Sir, you might mow the county with a razor, and rake it with a fine tooth comb, and you wouldn't get fodder enough to keep a sick grasshopper through the winter. Sir, they plant corn with crow-bars, and hold the sheep by the hind legs while they nibble the grass in the cracks of the cliffs."

HOW FEW ARE CONTENT!—The poor envy the rich; the rich envy the poor; fat people envy the lean; the lean, the fat.—The brunette wishes she were a blonde; the blonde desires the raven tresses of the brunette. And so goes the world.

☞The Vermonter who attempted to snuff out the gas-light with his fingers, screamed: "Bloody murder, your pesky candlestick's afire!"

ADVICE TO EVERYBODY.—Don't tell your wife what a pretty girl you saw in the cars.

Broadway of an Afternoon.

Broadway of an afternoon—a fine sunshiny afternoon; saw mortal eyes ever show more glorious? Talk of the Boulevards of Paris, the Corso of Naples, the Via Sacra of Rome, Regent St., London—they are beggars to it. What do you say fastidious reader? You don't like the word beggars. It is an ugly word. It suggests hollow cheeks, lack-lustre eyes, rags, and a little dirty outstretched paw, backed by the plaintive cry and whine of childhood—"Give me a penny." Beggars! tut-tut—

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man is down, give him a thrust—
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man is up, oh lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!"

Peer under that pretty girl's bonnet—it cost $30. How becoming! and so cheap! admire that cloak of Russian sables on Madame's back. It is a broad back, good feeding and a pew in "Grace," if not grace in a pew, have made it broad. Step aside for this bevy of fair women in moire antique, and velvet mantles down almost to their heels—the last style. Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes! "Give me a penny, you impudent little pup? Go away. Don't touch my dress. I've a great mind to give you to the policeman. Go down that alley and up the back stairs; sleep on the straw with your starving sister. Cold—hunger—hopeless—cry yourself to sleep. Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling"—how dare you beg? Broadway of an afternoon! Omnibus full—filled with sleek, rosy, full-fed, full-pursed, fine-feathered fellows riding up home to dinner. Ragged wretches eye them with envy, peering at them with the eyes of an empty stomach. "Serves them right"—the penalty of Adam, "the season's difference," and the pangs of hunger, must be borne by somebody. Poor folks are a blessed institution, logically; for, if Heaven decree a certain amount of suffering in the world, and didn't provide poor folks enough to take the whole, the rich ones would come in for a share. "If a man is down, give him a thrust."

That fine lady. Behold her! She is gorgeous as King Solomon in his glory.—Her husband or father, rich of course.—That's a mistake; they are down town eating crackers and No. 3 mackerel for dinner, pinching back and belly, and selling their souls at a small advance a day, to pay Miss and Madame's bills. One day they get a stroke of paralysis, or fail; but my lady won't fail. What becomes of her? She dresses finer than ever. It is her turn to sell body and soul for silks and sables. God forgive her! "An empty pocket's the worst of crimes," and a poor man is a stranger to his brother. Poetry and scripture hand in hand. Take it easy. Don't be in a hurry—it is Broadway of an afternoon—all beauty, crash, cram, glare, glitter, silk, sable, marabout, feathers, carriages, sparkling eyes, rosy lips, voluptuous figures, fancy men and women—respectable ditto—a wild, enchanting scene of luxury, and gracious ease of life. But it hangs like a golden fringe on a beggar's cloak, for away down there, on either side—always stretching off to both rivers, lie acres of misery and want—and oh, such want! such sorrow! Come, bright-eyed women, and gay men, give that thought, and spare it, now and then, a spangle from your glittering dress, a dollar from your well filled purse—as under the sweet sunshine of Heaven and the smile of fortune, you walk Broadway of an afternoon.—*New York Sunday News.*

Vegetation on the Moon's Surface.

On the surface of the moon are seen numerous streaks or narrow lines, about a hundred in number, which appear, perhaps more like long narrow furrows then anything else. Sometimes they spread themselves on the lunar disc in straight lines, sometimes they are seen slightly curved; in every case they are shut in between the stiff parallel borders. It has often been supposed that these furrows, the true nature of which has remained hitherto unknown, represent the beds of ancient dried-up rivers, or rivers that have not yet ceased to flow. Other astronomers think they are streams of lava which have been vomited by lunar volcanoes, and which reflect the light of the sun with more intensity than the adjacent regions. M. Schwabe, a German astronomer, endeavors, however, to give them another explanation. He has published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* some facts which tend to show that these lines are the result of vegetation on the surface of the moon. According to the author, if the surface of the moon be examined attentively with a good telescope and a proper illumination, we discover between the lines, or luminous furrows of the high mountain called Tycho, and on different other points, a quantity of very delicate parallel lines of a greenish tint, which were not visible some months before the observation, and which disappear a few months after to return again in the proper season. These lines, which are darker than the adjacent parts, are clearly the result of vegetation; and it is this vegetation which makes the sterile parts of the moon appear as bright as luminous streaks. According to M. Schwabe, these lines of vegetation are more particularly visible in the very bright parts of the moon which are circumscribed by the mountains.

☞"Pete, are you into them sweetmeats again?" "No, marm; the sweetmeats is into me!"